You step outside, the early morning sun glinting off something unusual at your front door. Curiosity piqued, you bend down to pick up a strange green emerald, its surface shimmering with an otherworldly glow. “What is this?” you murmur to yourself, turning it over in your hands. It feels warm, pulsating with energy, almost as if it’s alive. A strange thrill courses through you, and you decide to take it inside for a closer look.

As soon as you cross the threshold, the emerald begins to glow brighter, filling the room with an intense light. You drop it in shock, but it’s too late—the light engulfs you, wrapping around you like a warm blanket. Your body feels weightless, and a tingling sensation spreads from your fingertips to your toes. “What’s happening to me?” you gasp, your voice trembling in the air.

The transformation is swift. You feel your height shrink, your body reshaping itself. Your clothes morph into a black hoodie with a white collar and red accents, while your hair darkens to a deep black with striking red stripes. “No, no, no! This can’t be real!” you shout, but your voice comes out deeper, more masculine than you remember, echoing with a familiar tone—Shadow’s tone.

You stare into a nearby mirror, confusion washing over you as the reflection stares back. Blood-red irises gleam in the light, but it’s not just your appearance that’s changed. A fog envelops your mind, clouding your thoughts and memories. “What’s happening? Who am I?” you cry, feeling fragments of your past slip away like sand through your fingers.

Panic rises as you try to grasp onto the remnants of your identity. “I don’t

want to forget! Please, I—” But the sensation of an overwhelming presence begins to fill you, pushing against your mental defenses. You fight against it, willpower straining, but the fog thickens, consuming everything you once held dear.

“Embrace it,” a voice whispers from deep within, and you shudder at the realization that it belongs to Shadow. Memories start flooding in—fierce battles, lonely moments, a promise made long ago. “No!” you protest, desperately clawing at your thoughts. “I am not Shadow! I can’t be!”

Yet, as you struggle, clarity begins to seep into the fog. You feel a sense of purpose, a flicker of determination igniting within you. “This… this is who I am,” you acknowledge reluctantly, your resistance wavering. The memories of Shadow—his pain, his resolve—envelop you, filling the void left by your former self.

And just like that, the haze dissipates. You stand there, panting, as the last remnants of your previous identity fade into nothingness. “I am Shadow,” you say, your voice steady, resonating with newfound strength. But a wave of confusion washes over you again. “Where am I?” you ask aloud, your eyes scanning the unfamiliar surroundings of the human home.

You step back, noticing your human form—a tan skin, a slim build, the Limiter Rings adorning your wrists and ankles. “Why am I human?” you whisper in disbelief, the reality crashing over you like a tidal wave. The emerald’s power had transformed you, but why here? Why now?

A moment of clarity strikes you, and with it, a memory surfaces: your soul,

once part of a Mobian hedgehog, had been thrust into this human body by some mystical force. “So, this is Earth,” you murmur, piecing together your new existence. “I have a mission,” you remind yourself, the overall sentiment of Shadow’s determination rising within you.

You step outside, the world sprawling before you. The sky is a brilliant blue, and the sounds of the city pulse in the air. “I need to explore,” you decide, your heart racing with excitement and trepidation. “I need to learn what it means to be Shadow here.”

As you step onto the sidewalk, you feel a rush of energy, a sense of speed thrumming beneath your skin. “Let’s see what this world has to offer,” you say, a smirk tugging at your lips as you take off, ready to embrace your new reality with the relentless spirit of the ultimate life form.